

architectural ornaments, & the most delicate & painful way carved, trailing along - From Melrose we drove a short distance to Abbotsford - You all know it by pictures, & it is handsomer than the pictures make it - On a hill side overlooking the water, & pretty grounds - We were led through one suite of rooms. First Sir Walter's private study, where we saw his chair & table, then the library in which are most interesting things; in a circular case like a table snuff boxes & miniatures, relics of Nap. I., Burns' tumbler, Helen McGregor's pen & Robt. Roy's purse, &c. &c. Then the drawing-room with furniture from Geo. IV of bog oak, & superb chairs of Italian carving in box-wood, & interesting portraits of the family; Mary Queen of Scots' head after execution, the Pretender, &c. &c. Then the Armory with furs of every age & size, Robt. Roy's of hugest length, pistols & claymores & scimitars & swords, &c. &c. When it was all done, & we were ushered out again! The rooms are not large, a comfortable size, & seemed home-like & pleasant - Many odd bits of carving copied from Melrose - We drove back to Melrose & had some dinner, & then a short drive in the other direction to Dryburgh, a pretty drive up & down, trees & fields, houses & cottages, oh, what heavy soil it seemed & plough, & passing wagnettes & stout little ponies

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Oct. 22. '69 - New

My dear Sue,

We reached Edinburgh at 3 on Monday, Oct. 4th. The approach is very fine, Arthur's Seat a very high hill, rising on the left, & Salisbury Crags at one side - On a lower summit the little ruined Anthony's Chapel - Then Holyrood in the plain below, quite on the outskirts of the town; the palace perfect, the old church a picturesque ruin - On the left right was very grandly, the jail, an ancient castle in appearance, with various piles of building all surrounded by strong, high walls, but all modern - The rail-way runs into the town in a deep valley, which separates the two parts of the town; it is so deep that you scarcely notice the hills looking across, only the green banks laid out as gardens - We were fortunate in getting rooms in the hotel which looked across this valley, & the most picturesque outline of buildings I ever saw - Far & high at one side the old castle, a wonderful pile, & then the old buildings & new, all picturesque & various, gothic, classic, & a style of their own of little towers & turrets & rounded corners, new harmonizing with old - Directly across the valley is a sort of bank

filled in, making a road-way, & on this too very fine, classic buildings; you see them in the little photo, facing you in the distance - Nearly opposite our windows was Scott's monument, a tall, foliate spire with open arcades below, under which his statue - But the provoking & vexatious part was, that a close mist hung over it all! There seemed a sort of sun-shine, but everything is shrouded. You could only see dim outlines, & never be sure of what you were looking at! You could see it was picturesque, & yet felt that clear it might be so beautiful! - It was appalling all the time we were in Scotland - Every now & then it would lift for an hour perhaps, & then, tantalizing, all dim again - It was very pretty in the Ev., with the lights sparkling from up & down, here & there, the railway blue & red at the bottom of the valley, & the houses & streets all mingled in crossing & disjointed lines & some up so high, opposite us - I had not seen anything so pretty since Florence, & the lights reflected in the Arno -

Tuesday being so dim we decided for near miss, & so took rail-road to Melrose - The ruins are in the town, & you enter them through a high gate at

the end of a lane, & so I must confess, the first effects were flat - And though the details are many of them wonderfully beautiful & there is a deal to study there, the whole is not to my mind so picturesque & romantic as many other ruins we have seen - So much depends on where they are placed, & their surroundings. But Scott &

"He who would see fair Melrose bright
Must visit it by the pale moonlight"

sc. were running in one's head all the time;
~~sc. were~~ ~~sc. were~~
& we saw Michael Scott's ^{grave} ~~grave~~, & the grave where Robert Bruce is supposed to lie, & the Black Douglas at one side - I wonder if William remembers the grand way he used to repeat

"Baby, baby do not fear,
For the Black Douglas is not here!" - And then, "You're not so sure of that!" - A very ugly presbyterian church was formed at one time of part of the nave, & the very ugly arches fill up & spoil the proportions still - The colour of the stone is a soft, dark red, & there is ivy clinging about, & the cloisters, or rather the carvings on the wall where they stood, are lovely! All sorts of leaves in 4's making

~~have~~ crowded in in the front - Then we went up stairs, & saw the long ball room where the young Pretender held his court, & you remember the scene, & Flora MacIvor & Rose Bradwardine? The room is all hung with doubtful portraits of kings, - but there are ~~two~~ very curious & curiously ancient, double ones at the end - Then we went up stairs to Daulig's rooms; Mary's were above, & the only grand approach where through his presence chamber - Her rooms were panelled & covered with tapestry, very ^{thick} deep walls, & deep set windows of small, rough glass, & the little room where she was sleeping, such a nice closet! But no air of dignity or luxury or splendour about any of them - Of course the effect was different when ~~these~~ were fresh & glowing new & carpets &c., but still one gets the impression of rude times & rough living - I confess to more faith in the blood stain - They show the spot where Rizzio's body lay all night, after 56 wounds, at the end of the audience chamber, & plainly that end has been ^{the} partitioned off, so you enter from the stairs through an ante-chamber - And tradition says Mary did it to cut off the sight of the spot - The panels of the ceiling are cut across by the partition - We saw her bed, & the basket Elizabeth sent when James VI was born with her portrait, &

that did not seem to mind taking the whole (2) family, from grand papa to the merry, little big-eyed girl, who stared so one must needs nod at her - Sunny, little village maidens who dropped bows of courtesies; just bend four knees & hips, keeping every other part of the body perpendicular! The little girl of picture-books, in a straight gown & long, white apron, from her chin downwards, & bare arms, still flourishes to a large extent in England & Scotland - Aprons & it is a living thing of the present - Our carriage drove down a road & on to a pretty river bank & stopped, & a small boy & big, broad boat appeared on the other side, & came rowing over to ferry us across - A youth & maiden sat on a log near a cottage, as we climbed the bank on the other side, & I expected every minute to see him on his knees! He walked down a shady road & through a lodge gate, & down a long walk under ~~aspen~~ ^{ash} trees, & suddenly came into the ruined nave, & a man appeared with, "here was the East window & high altar, you see the allegorical pascal lamb sculptured below!" - A very sweet & graceful piece of sculpture too - But Dryburgh is beautiful - Not so large or so varied or so picturesque as Fountain's Abbey, & of course nothing like those

found, but with lovely bits of its own. One, the high
gable end, pretty much all that is left of the old
refectory, & all one mass of ivy, except the round,
marigold window, as perfect in peaceful outline
line as the day it was finished. One transept
is still standing & still roofed, where in one arch
(the farther one of the two you see sidetrise in the
photo) Scott is buried - he lies in the middle, his wife
behind, his son in front & Lockhart across the feet.
Other connected families are in the next arch -
It seems the most appropriate place in the world
for Scott to be buried, so quiet & so beautiful, & so
different from everything else - One looked very
lovingly & tenderly on his grave! He who gave the world
so much pleasure, & one might almost say never
a grief - A memory to admire, & not to feel you must
make reservations & apologies for your admiration! -
I did not say at Abbotsford how there were pictures
of his dogs & his attendants, sketched evidently in his
life time, because he loved the subjects - So we
bought some trifles, in the old chapter-house, (still
roofed over, & a circle in the floor where the founder
was buried,) said to be made of wood grown on the
spot, & took our walk back to the ferry - The youth
& maiden still sat there, & a woman had joined them -

He asked our little ferry-man how many times a day
he crossed, "Oh perhaps a hundred!" "Don't you get
tired?" - "Well, perhaps sometimes!" "But a pleasant
occupation," says K. "Rather too much of a good
thing," he replies - Then we drove back to Melrose,
& train to Edinburgh, getting there at 4 o'clock - a slow
train - Next morn. we drove to Carlton Hill, high
above the jail & looking over old & new town,
spreading out entirely around the hill, which is sur-
mounted by some fine & conspicuous monuments,
observatory &c. - An old man officiated, & said, "Now
you can't see anything, if you could, there is Leith,
& there Ravenswood Castle, & then Salisbury Crags &
Jeanie Deans' house, &c. &c. - "If you could only see
them, but the mist hides every thing!" So we peered
into the fog & took it all on trust, except Burns' monu-
ment & the jail & some few other things close under
our noses - Then we went to Holyrood - It was not
quite time to be opened, so I read the home letters
forwarded by Mr. Gray, while C & the girls walked
for outside views, until the clock struck, & with
the crowd we entered, & passing thro' arcades of pass-
es entered the ruined chapel, & saw where Mary
married Daruley, & the door of the stair-case leading
to her rooms - But modern, or more recent buildings have

Behold! there stood an empty "hist car," as we should call it, ~~but~~ conspicuously painted on it, "Saint Margaret's Ashes Only!" — Our route was partly the same by which we had come, though we passed this time thro' Peterboro, & could see the grand, lofty three arched porch ^{of the Cathedral} — The lot to London at dusk, but it was a complicated matter getting to New; we took underground, & 8 trains passed in the ten minutes we waited! We did not get to our lodgings until after 7, & dinner was not until nearly 9 therefore — Sunday I was quiet & Dr. Gray, who had been seeing people & Oxford &c. while we were away, had made arrangements for them all to go to Westminster Abbey in the afternoon & hear Dean Stanley preach — A lucky chance, for he is gone now for six weeks — So they were pleased to go, & liked him —

Monday I was quiet again, & the girls & C. passed the day at the Crystal Palace. We had lovely, warm weather for our journey, & it is only since we were back we have taken to steady fires — My long 10 months summer is over, & cold days & falling leaves seem more dreary than ever, & winter more formidable! — Perhaps it will be better than I fear — With love to all, Ever faithfully, L.G.

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one of the first looking-glasses, a little, dingy thing. There were many portraits of Mary. They almost all agree in the very smooth, well-shaped brow, Grecian, & well-marked eye-brows, but none give her the refined, intellectual, sparkling face one imagines — Rather wooden; & not ^{at} all passionate; some a little sensual, some of the older age, a bad, wicked face — Not up to one's ideal or the fancy pictures we see of the lovely martyr — I give her up as a martyr, & judge she was no better than her time — Brought up in a vicious court she learned the easy morals; & peaceful, fascinating, boring admiration & physically attractive to men, she was not of the broad spirit of mind to understand her age; & queen, meant only ruling as she pleased — Poor thing! One pities her for her surroundings, & wishes she had been purer that one might pity her the more for her fate — But I am sure she would have cut off Elizabeth's head in the same circumstances; & as neither was safe from the other, one must fall — Only Elizabeth was ungenerous to an enemy who had trusted herself in her power — And both have had hard measure of condemnation, & still more unjust measure of praise & admiration — I don't think anywhere I have been so carried into

the life of other times, they ~~are~~ so people'd by the
past as in Scotland; And everything was alive
with Scott - It was no use to say they were fictions,
we were all sure that Effie was in the St. Booths,
& Mrs. Heydel had lived up those stairs, & Roland
Greene had chased Katherine Seton down that
close, & didn't he pass Heriot's hospital? &c. &c. - So
we drove through the Canongate, & saw where the
Regent Murray lived, & the heart in ^{the} pavement
where stood the old 'Heart of Mid-Lothian', & the
narrow closes each with its name, John Knox's
house, his effigy kneeling on the corner, & the Grass
market, & the Cow-gate, & houses 7 to 9 stories high, &
dirty children & ragged women & fish-boies &
filthy streets, & so came to the Castle - Prudence
said don't go in, but how could I help it? There
re-
galia of Scotland lost for near a hundred years,
walled up in a vault; such a pretty crown, & hand-
some jewels! Then the closet, literally, where James
the VI was born, & from the window of which ^{over} ~~the~~
hauling the castle walls & sheer face of rock, he was
let down in a basket to be carried off to Sterling
& baptized - In the outer room was a lovely pic-
ture of Mary at 10, copied from a portrait, said to
have been taken in France, owned by the Duke of

Sutherland - But it looks too modern in feature,
dress & style! - We saw Highlanders in their
swelly dress, which is very handsome, except
the bare knees - And becoming too, as was plain
to see in officers as well as men, as they moved
magnificent before us when in full dress; Such
a contrast to undress! - The castle is almost
all barracks now. - Then we went back to lunch,
& in the Aft. C. & the girls went to hear the band
of the 42nd Highlanders' play, ^{bagpipes!} - I was well done
up though - So the next day C. & the girls set
off for the Lakes without me - They came back
Friday at 12 1/2, having been still mostly shrou-
ed in mist, though I had ~~seen~~ three fairly
clear hours on Thursday, & at 2 1/2 we started
for Newcastle - We were looking for a carriage
as they sometimes are, with one arm gone, ~~either~~
I might lie down part of the way, & the Whiting
guard brought what they called an "invalid's
stool," which fitted in between the seats & made
a nice couch; it was produced again the next
morn'g, so I could lie down all the way to London,
a great comfort! - We had such a laugh leaving
Edinburgh Station - Of course we have doelt
much among antiquities, & seen no end of relics, &